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A P P E A L

TO THE

P U B L I C K,

FROM THE

Judgment of a certain Manager;

H. R. T. WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS:

AND THE

DRAMA, OF ONE ACT,

Which was refused REPRESENTATION.

-----Vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ!

Juv.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BEW, (No. 28) in Pater-noster-Row,

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MDCC LXXIV.

Industrial and Commercial

ORIGINAL LETTERS

AND THE

EDWARD J. O'NEILL

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL

REV.

EDWARD J. O'NEILL

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL

REV.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

AS every man in this country who can write, either *has* or *takes* the liberty of appealing from the decrees of the highest courts in this kingdom, to the Public at large; as ministers, both houses of parliament, and even Majesty itself, have been often call'd to an account by the glorious privilege of the press! shall I hesitate a moment to arraign the ignorance or partiality of a despotic manager of a play-house? shall I tamely be shut out, and deny'd my place in the temple of Fame, because the porter of one door of it keeps the key for himself and

friends only, and denies admittance to their superiors? I, therefore, as in matters of right and property, remove my cause from an inferior to a superior court, and will not doubt, but I shall receive that justice from the bar of the Public, which has been deny'd me at the petty court of sessions in Drury-Lane. It is very hard that a man of wit, humour, and learning, (let us suppose, for once, a candidate for Fame to have all the three) after having, with much trouble and time, conceiv'd, design'd, plann'd, and drawn out an excellent fable; and afterwards alter'd, amended, and executed it, warmly and happily, both for his own end, and the delight of his friends; that such a person, so form'd, and so inclin'd, to do honour both to himself and his country; when he produces this fair edifice of his brain, with a kind of self-congratulating joy, to the manager of a theatre, that it shall be in the power of such a mortal with a supercilious face, like that

of

of Medusa, to convert the ingenuous smiles of genius into stone, and with one puff of his breath blow down his edifice, the labour of time and much consideration, as if it were constructed by children, and the materials were only cards !

I shall now proceed to my narrative of facts, which shall be clearly ascertain'd by the correspondence between the Author and Manager : all that I desire is, that my case and my performance may be read seriously and impartially, and then *fiat justitia.*

In the month of June last, I call'd at the manager's house in the New Buildings : I was told by a servant maid that her master was in the country, (this I think a great hardship) but if I had any business that required haste, his brother would transmit it to him. I may be ask'd, why was this a hardship ? I answer, that
managers

managers have no right to be in the country, when authors may be in town. The flatterers, and favorites of the managers will say, why may not managers *refresh* themselves after the fatigues of the winter, as well as their betters? to which I reply, that the *refreshment* of both (*si parvis magna*) is a detriment to the welfare in one instance, and to the entertainment of the Public in the other. What was the consequence pray of the *President of the Council refreshing himself* all the last summer, so many miles from the metropolis? those who were waiting for justice and were seeing council all the while, can best answer that question.

If Earl G——r shall be called to account in the public papers for such a neglect of duty, shall not I complain of the non-residence of a manager, to receive the works and persons of authors, in a manner becoming the consequence of both? don't let trifling people think that I am acting too much the part of
of

of Bayes, I am vindicating the rights of genius and literature, and arraigning the want of care and neglect of duty in those who by chance, favour or purchase, become the guardian of our dramatic offsprings, and in great measure of the national taste.

I would not call upon his brother, but I wrote the following letter to him.

To D—— G——, Esq.

“ S I R,

London, June 17, 1773.

“ I call'd at your house, to speak with
“ you upon business;—I am a gentleman
“ and a scholar—I have written a drama,
“ which, if I am not too much flatter'd by
“ my friends, will merit your consideration—
“ be pleas'd to name the time and place and I
“ will attend punctually, and read it to you.

“ I am, Sir,

“ your most humble servant,

T. R.”

“ A line is desired in answer to this.”

I did

I did not receive an answer till three days after; as I will most religiously keep to truth, I must confess, I could not well have an answer sooner, but then I revert to my first complaint—why was he not in London? It is the duty of a manager, as well as of all public men, to reside constantly in town, to attend upon authors and their works. The following note was sent to my address:

“ S I R,

“ Being upon a visit to a friend, I did
 “ not receive your note ’till yesterday: I am
 “ oblig’d to meet some company at Hamp-
 “ ton, where I shall stay ’till Monday next; if
 “ you will be pleas’d to send the perform-
 “ ance to my house in town, seal’d up, I
 “ shall consider it with great care, and give
 “ you my sincere opinion of it: if any
 “ business should lead you near the Adelphi,
 “ on

“ on Tuesday morning about eleven o'clock,

“ I shall hope for the favour of seeing you.

“ I am, Sir,

“ your most oblig'd

“ humble servant,

“ D. G.”

“ I am sorry I was not at home when
“ you call'd upon me in town.”

I can't think this letter written in a proper strain of civility, as manager to author; I desired to read my piece to him, and that he would name time and place: he grants neither, but desires to read it by himself; (with all due deference to his talents, I could point out beauties in my piece, which might escape him) and to complete the business, he invites me to his own house. But I will not rest upon trifles; being a little piqu'd with this manner of settling the affair his own way, I rather peevishly reply'd:

“ S I R,

“ I am engag'd on Tuesday, and cannot
 “ call again at your house: be pleas'd to
 “ send a line to my lodgings, with your
 “ opinion and determination: I am a gen-
 “ tleman and a scholar, and expect liberal
 “ treatment from Mr. G.

“ I am, Sir,

“ your humble servant,

“ T. R.”

To which I receiv'd the following very
 particular answer.

“ S I R,

Hampton, June 25, 1773.

“ Could there be any thing in my let-
 “ ter to make you expect illiberal treat-
 “ ment from me? I suppose every person
 “ who writes civilly, to be a *gentleman*,
 “ though not always to be a *scholar*; I
 “ have read the piece you put into my
 “ hands with great care, and it is my
 “ sincere opinion that it will not succeed
 “ in

“ in the representation: the subject has
“ been already most successfully treated by
“ the author of the *Upholsterer*. I have
“ obey'd your commands and sent it seal'd
“ up according to your directions.

“ I am, Sir,

“ your humble servant,

“ D. G.”

To which, somewhat irritated, I sent the following note.

“ Mr. G—— must not imagine that he
“ has convinc'd Mr. R—— of the unfit-
“ ness of his performance for the stage—
“ A man well born, and well educated,
“ having some advantages from nature as
“ well as family, will not be employed, and
“ labouriously employed, more than six
“ months in his study, upon a work that is
“ to be blasted by the *ipse dixit* of a manager!
“ —The Drama you reject has been appro-
“ ved by some of the first people in the
king-

“ kingdom for learning and ability !—Were
 “ I to make use of my power, and influence
 “ —you must act it—you may be sorry that
 “ you did not—profit I want none ; Fame is
 “ my darling passion—my piece you have re-
 “ jected—you have damp’d my expectations—

-----Magnum quædæcinque paravi,
 Quid sit adhuc dubito -----

“ Will Mr. G—— say what ought to be
 “ done with the Politician Reform’d ? or
 “ how the author can give it the *trim* and
 “ *trick* of the stage to make it palatable to
 “ the publick ?”

To this he reply’d :

“ Mr. G——’s compliments to Mr.
 “ R—— : it would not become him to say
 “ what he thinks ought to be done with
 “ the Politician Reform’d ; he can only
 “ repeat his former opinion, that it is not
 “ calculated for the stage.”

If

If it should be thought I was too precipitate, and took fire too soon—let my warmth for the honour of Genius, and for the extricating ingenuous minds from those worst of human evils, attendance and dependance upon these mock monarchs, be my excuse: If the Public differs in judgment with the manager, they will do the author justice to call for the piece—if not, the author submits to his fate, and resigns the stage to those writers, who have more genius and patience than himself; and, bidding farewell to the Drama so ingloriously occupied——

“ He spurns the hirelings of the rhiming trade.”

MASON.

If it should be thought I was too proud
 to let the honour of Geneva, and for the ex-
 tending ingenuity minds from their work
 of human eyes, attendance and dependence
 upon these most monastic, do my duties
 in the Public office in judgment with the
 manager, they will do the same justice to
 call for the piece—If not, the author sub-
 mits to his fate, and resigns the right to
 those writers who have more leisure and
 patience than himself, and, bidding farewell
 to the pen, is industriously occupied

It is the duty of the author to be industrious
 in his work.

The Politician Reform'd.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. HEMLOCK, an Apothecary, whose Head is turned with Politicks.

Mrs. HEMLOCK, his Wife, a high spirited vulgar Woman.

Miss LUCY, their Daughter, of a liberal Education and polite Manners.

Capt. SPRIGHTLY, in love with Lucy and loved by her.

FORMAL, an elderly Gentleman-Usher, a Pretender to Lucy.

CAVIL, an artful Attorney.

SQUIRT, the Head Man of the Shop.

The SCENE, HEMLOCK's House.

T H E

Politician Reformed.

S C E N E I.

Mr. and Mrs. H E M L O C K.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

YOU encourage the girl in her obstinate aversion to my good friend, Mr. Formal, and in her silly fondness for the Captain.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

So I do, and I am not ashamed of it: the girl has an aversion to old Formal, and she is in the right of it; and she has settled her affections upon the Captain, and she is in the right of that too; they have liked one another ever since they were children, and she protests she will never marry any body but the Captain. Surely my brother did not give her such an education, and leave her ten thousand pounds, to have her lead apes in hell.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

No, nor to marry an ape here; for what are all those young fellows in red coats and feathers,
B who

who turn all young girls heads, but the mimicks of men at most? Mr. Formal is a man indeed; a man of useful knowledge; who has a great interest at court, and will make my fortune there.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

I wish you wou'd mind your fortune at home, and not think of making one at court. How should you expect to make your fortune at court? whatever happens there, you will be but an apothecary still, only by your friends there, and your politicks, you will probably be a broken one.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Ha! ha! my dear, take my word for it you know nothing of these matters. If I were at liberty I could tell you——

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

What a fool they make of you.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Why suppose, my dear, that Mr. Formal should make you a knight's lady. (*aside.*) I wish I have not blabbed too far.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

I tell you he shall neither make me a knight's lady, nor a grandmother, not that I believe he can do either. In short, the Captain likes Lucy and Lucy likes the Captain; he has a pretty estate, and she has a good fortune, upon which they may live very comfortably, and if it please God they shall be married.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

But do you know if it does not please me they cannot marry.

Mrs.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

We'll see that. (*aside.*) It is only a journey to Scotland, which upon such a necessity one would take.

S C E N E II.

Enter CAVIL with a monstrous Roll of Parchment.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Good-morrow to you, Mr. Cavil, have you heard any news?

CAVIL.

No, Sir, only that the term begins to-morrow.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

And if it ends the day after, what's that to me? I mean public news, foreign news, news of the court.

CAVIL.

Of the Court of Chancery; yes, Sir, I have prepared your bill against Lord Squander's executors, (*offers it.*) and when you have perused it, I will file it in court.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Perused it, say you! why how the devil should I have time? I have hardly a moment to myself in the whole day, from necessary business. The various news-papers, journals, chronicles, and gazettes extraordinary, take up half the day to read; and then my patients, though thank God of late I have but very few; in short, I cannot nor will not read that very long bill.

B 2

CAVIL.

CAVIL.

A very long bill, Sir; it is a very short one, and drawn according to the new rules of Court.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

What, are there rules then for the length of a bill?

CAVIL.

Yes, Sir, and very just and beneficial ones to the suitors. You must know, Sir, that the court's observing that bills swelled to an enormous size, have, to save the suitors time, trouble and expence, made a rule, that all bills, whether original bills, cross bills, amicable bills, &c. shall be not one inch longer nor shorter than Westminster-Hall, which is but eight hundred yards.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

When I come into parliament, I will bring in a bill that shall shorten all those bills with a vengeance. *(aside.)*

CAVIL.

But let us not talk of the length of bills, for your shop-bill annexed, is not much shorter. I hope I shall bring your affair to a speedy issue: in seven years I do not doubt but we shall get a decree, that is provided none of the parties die in the interim, for in that case, you know, the whole must begin *de novo*.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

I know then that it will never be ended, with your *de novo*. The pretensions to Silesia will be settled sooner.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

I am sure it is very hard that poor industrious people should be robbed by your great folks, of
what

what they earn by their honest labour. We served that same Lord Squander and his whole family above ten years, and never knew the colour of his money yet; and now, forsooth, it is to cost us God knows what, to recover our own;—these are your great folks that you run after so.

Mr. HEMLOCK. (*aside.*)

When I am in the house, there shall be an effectual stop put to such proceedings, for I will bring in a bill enacting, that nothing shall be bought or sold, but for ready money.—But the mails are come in, and I must go to the coffee-house and from thence to court. So good morrow to you, Mr. Cavil, talk to my wife upon the old subject, and try if you can make her reasonable. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

I am sure, I wish any thing could make you so.

Enter Miss LUCY.

CAVIL.

Well, Madam, you hear I am to serve you with a writ, at the suit of your husband, requiring you to aid, assist and abet, Mr. Formal's pretensions to this young lady.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

I do not desire to be served, Mr. Cavil; I told you my mind upon this subject often enough before now. Do you think that I will ever consent that Lucy, with ten thousand pounds to her fortune, should marry an old, crazy, beggarly gentleman-usher! marry, come up, indeed!

CAVIL.

Have a little patience, Mrs. Hemlock; I am your husband's attorney, and must faithfully execute

cute his orders : but I may at the same time be of counsel for this young lady, that is but fair and usual in the way of business. Therefore, in the former capacity, I require her to take Mr. Formal for her lawful husband, and you to consent to it ; but in the latter, I advise you both to the contrary, and will serve you to the utmost of my little skill.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

Aye, now you speak like an honest man, and we shall be glad of your assistance ; in short, we will have nothing to do with that old beggarly wretch, Formal ; and if my husband persists for him, we must take some other course.

Miss L U C Y.

No course I hope, Madam, against my father's consent.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

A fiddle-stick of your father's consent, child ; his head is turned, and he is ruining himself, but in troth he shall not ruin you. Pray, Mr. Caviel, mayn't they be married in Scotland without my husband's consent ? does not the late law for promoting marriages allow of that ?

C A V I E L.

There has been several cases in point of it, and among people of distinction ; and those marriages have stood good, and perhaps to the sorrow of some of the couples. In truth, Madam, the law when rightly understood allows of every thing.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

Why then, the Captain and Lucy shall e'en take a journey to Scotland, and how will my husband and his Mr. Formal help themselves.

Miss

Miss LUCY.

Pardon me, Madam; I will no more marry against my father's consent, than I will be married against my own; time and patience may possibly prevail with him.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Don't tell me of time and patience, child; why I went away from my friends, with your father, just at your age, and was married without a licence. And surely it will be no disgrace to you, to follow your mother's example.

Miss LUCY.

You must allow, Madam, for different ways of thinking: I am sure you would not have me do what I should think a crime.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Come, come, Lucy, these are your romancing fine sentiments, which you get out of those hard books that you are always reading. Why it is only your prime quality that do not mind whether they are married or not, but honest women love marrying. Take the Captain, I advise you, while you love him and he loves you—one never knows what may happen. He is a handsome, brisk, sober young man, Mr. Cavi, with a pretty fortune of his own, is allowed to be as good an officer as any in the army, and is in a rising way.

CAVIL.

That's more than can be said of old Formal, I dare swear; I believe he is at the top of his preferment. The present point then, as I apprehend it, is to get Mr. Hemlock's consent for the Captain, which I humbly conceive is by no means impossible.

Miss

Miss L U C Y. (*eagerly.*)

Do you really think so, Mr. Cavil?

C A V I L.

Yes, really Miss; not that you care, I perceive.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

To tell you the truth, I much question it. To be sure my husband is as honest a good man as ever broke bread, and was as industrious a one in his business, till these cursed politicks turned his head, so that now I do not know what to make of him. He has lost most of his best customers, and will attend none but your quality, who you know never pay. He is half the day at the coffee-house running after news, then sneaking about the court, where that nasty Formal has made him believe that he will get him a great place, and I believe gets a good deal of money out of him in the mean time. At night he is with his club of politicians, as he calls them, and when he comes home talks a parcel of hard words that I can't understand. Would you think it, he often talks that stuff in his sleep? Nay no longer ago than last night, he waked me seven or eight times, with Russians and Prussians, and the Lord knows what.

C A V I L.

To be sure, Mrs. Hemlock, it must be very disagreeable to you, to be waked so often in that manner.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

We were once as happy a couple as any in the parish, but as his years have increased, my comforts have decreased, God knows; and I am every day afraid of a bankruptcy: We should have been broke already, if I had not kept things together a little.

Enter

Enter Captain SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Good-morrow, ladies; all well I hope.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Better in health than in good conditions, as they say, Captain.

SPRIGHTLY.

Why so, Madam?

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Why because my husband's head is so turned with his politicks, and his Formal, that he swears that Lucy shall be married to him to-morrow, and I swear that she shall be married to him to-morrow-come-never; and surely I have as good a right to swear one way as he has to swear the other.

SPRIGHTLY.

But what says my dear Lucy to it?

Miss LUCY.

Just what I have often said to you already; that I will always obey my father where I can; but that his most positive commands shall never make me marry Mr. Formal.

SPRIGHTLY.

Nor any other man living but Captain William Sprightly—add but that, my better angel, and make me as happy as—words can make me.

Miss LUCY.

I will add that too, Mr. Sprightly; but then I will add likewise, nor you neither without my father's consent.

SPRIGHTLY.

That's a cruel clause——

C

Miss

Miss LUCY.

Which you of all men ought not to condemn, when duty gives way to inclination, that inclination may probably give way to a second: You know what was said to Othello—"Look to her, Moor; she has deceived her father, and may thee."

SPRIGHTLY. (*laughing.*)

Oh, but he was a black-a-moor; the parable is not flattering for me, I must own.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

What's all this about a black-a-moor, I don't understand it?

SPRIGHTLY.

Only *Miss* Lucy alludes to a play, where a young lady runs away with a black-a-moor.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

With a black-a-moor! much good may do her.

SPRIGHTLY.

It did not do her much good, Madam; for he strangled her.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

In troth she deserved it. How could she expect better from a black-a-moor?

SPRIGHTLY.

But, dear Lucy, what will you answer to your father's word of command?

Miss LUCY.

I will tell him that I cannot possibly obey it at the expence of the most solemn perjury, for that I cannot with a safe conscience, vow to love, honour and obey Mr. Formal.

CAVIL.

Come, come, in one word, have you a mind to have your father's consent for the Captain?

Miss

Miss LUCY.

Judge by what you have heard to-day, and have known long.

CAVIL.

And have you, Captain?

SPRIGHTLY.

Have I a mind to happiness, to——

CAVIL.

Hold, Sir, no heroicks in the way of business; speak me fair, and you shall have his consent in less than four and twenty hour.

SPRIGHTLY.

Dear Lawyer, thou art my good genius; bring but that about, and thou shalt be my agent when I have a regiment, and two hundred guineas shall be thy fee in present. That's speaking in the way of business, is it not?

CAVIL.

Aye, Sir, those are practical heroicks, good sound sense.

SPRIGHTLY.

But say, how can this be done?

CAVIL.

It's all here, Sir, (*pointing to his head*) ready for execution. As thus, your father-in-law, for such I will venture to call him, already is begging pardon of the good company, mad with politicks. Now I will avail myself of that madness to make him do one sensible thing, in giving you this young lady. But you must consent to one thing, Captain; I must illegitimate you, for a little while, but you shall be soon restored in blood.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Aye, aye, do any thing with me, except annihilating me; for I have some reasons why I should not care to part with my existence, just at this time.

CAVIL.

These are, in short, the out-lines of my plan: Mr. Hemlock's only reasons for sacrificing his daughter to Formal, is the opinion which he has of his interest at court, and the hopes of making himself a great man, by his alliance with so great a man. Now I will take care that he shall be convinced, that the Captain has a much better interest at court, and can make him a much greater man.

SPRIGHTLY.

But this will never pass upon him.

CAVIL.

Yes, but it will and shall pass upon him. You are a young man, Captain; but when you come to have more knowledge of human nature, you will be convinced, that nothing that flatters the ruling passion, is too gross for it to swallow. But to business. Will Mr. Hemlock be at home this evening, Madam. (*to Mrs. Hemlock.*)

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

I believe he may, till his club hour; for he call Saturdays and Sundays his leisure days; because he says, the great men are all out of town of those days.

CAVIL.

Then between six and seven this evening, you must be here; and in Mr. Hemlock's presence, drop as if by chance out of your pocket, a letter, which I shall write to you. He will of course
take

take it up, and I will answer for it, that letter shall have a better effect upon him than all the hellebore of his shop. Come, Captain, let us go to the coffee-house, and there I will write to you.

Miss LUCY.

Stay, Mr. Sprightly, I have my scruples. This I find is to be an imposition upon my father, and I cannot agree to it: I look upon deceit to be still worse in a child, than plain disobedience.

SPRIGHTLY.

That's too scrupulous, my dear Lucy; consider that though it is strictly speaking an imposition upon your father, it is a meritorious imposition for his good, and for the good of us all. Would you employ reason upon a man, in that very point in which he has lost the use of his own? We must take people as they are; and when a little art is used only in the cause of virtue, it becomes a pious, and the only justifiable pious fraud. I am no casuist, but I have plain, downright honour and honesty, and I would not do a base thing, even to possess you.

Miss LUCY.

I cannot help it;—I feel awkward about it;—I shall discover it;—and my duty will triumph over my heart. [*Exeunt Captain and Cavil.*]

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

None of these qualms and niceties, my dear; I have none of them; and yet, I think, I am as honest a woman as another. It is your genteel education at your aunt's, that has put all these fancies into your head,—Your romancing books—Why I never read any book in my life, but the Bible, the Complete Housewife, and Rider's Almanack:

rack : And I am glad on't, for I don't see that your reading women are one jot the better for it.

[Exit.

LUCY. (*sola.*)

I do love this Sprightly to distraction, but I will love my duty more. After all my father's unfortunate turn to politicks, extravagant as it is, is of late become so general, that he is very near not being singular. This conflicting love and duty will distract me. Many daughters have run away and married without their parents consent ; and all is forgiven and made up at last.—But is the fact more justifiable for that ? no, surely ; O dear, charming Sprightly, this duty costs me dear !

[Exit.

SCENE, *the Shop.*

Enter HEMLOCK and FORMAL,
with their Noses very much powdered, and
SQUIRT.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Hast thou heard any news, Squirt ?

SQUIRT.

No, Sir, not I, nor have I enquired after none. Dr. Arsenick has been here. What have you done to your nose, Sir, it is all white ?

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Very probably, for I have been at court : This is the true white powder so much talked of, that does business and makes no noise. The staunch court-nose is always powdered.

SQUIRT.

And keeps ne'er the better for it perhaps.

Mr.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

What did Dr. Arsenick want with me?

SQUIRT.

Nothing, Sir; he only left a little prescription for my Lord Double.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

God's so, is he ill then! what's his case? He would be a publick loss indeed!

SQUIRT.

A bilious disorder.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Aye, bile is the usual complaint of great men. What has the Doctor ordered?

SQUIRT.

Only the wormwood draughts quickened with fal volatile, to be taken every four hours for a month. An emollient clyster, to be administered at going to bed. A cathartick potion, to be taken to-morrow morning. Four bottles of the pearl julep, and six of the white drink, to be taken *ad libitum*. To be sure the Doctor does handsomely by the trade.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

He does so, and perhaps, may be made physician to the court sooner than he thinks of. (*winks significantly at Formal*) Let all the other things be sent immediately to my Lord; but I'll carry the clyster and administer it myself. I shall probably pick up some news there; your great men are often unguarded, and drop things carelessly before their servants.

SQUIRT.

I have often heard, indeed, that statesmen should be read backward.

FOR-

F O R M A L.

Mr. Squirt is a wit, I perceive.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

He is cute enough in the shop, but the idle rogue minds nothing but his own business; he has not the least notion of the balance of power: and does not know, I dare say, where the King of Prussia, and the Russians, and Count Ramanzoff are.

S Q U I R T.

They are no customers of ours; and perhaps, it would be as well for some people, if they troubled themselves no more about them than I do.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

I don't like this feverishness of his lordship's, it certainly proceeds from some ruffle of the mind. I will feel his pulse carefully, I dare say I shall find it quick and hard. Things don't go right, Mr. Formal, with his lordship; and I wish that—

(whispers.

[While they whisper, they must take care to powder their faces again.]

F O R M A L.

You have it, I dare say, and am the more convinced of it; because, that—

(whispers.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Aye, and to be sure you observed at court this morning, that—

(whispers.

F O R M A L.

I did, and moreover, a certain person told me in my ear, that—

(whispers again.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Let us step into the back room, Mr. Formal, and talk over matters more freely.

[Exeunt.

S Q U I R T.

SQUIRT.

My master is mad, that I am sure of; and his friend there is a knave, or I am much mistaken.

[Exit Squirt.]

SCENE, *the Back Room.*HEMLOCK, *and* FORMAL.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

What you told me as we were coming along, runs strangely in my head, Mr. Formal; may I beg of you to repeat it.

FORMAL.

With all my heart, Sir; I said then, that no longer ago than the day before yesterday, I saw three great men consulting together in a corner of the presence-chamber, as they frequently do after the levee. And I overheard Lord Double say to the other two, faith we must do something for Hemlock the apothecary. He is an honest, zealous, and I can tell you, a very able fellow.

Mr. HEMLOCK. (*repeats aside.*)

Able fellow!—I am sure my Lord is a very great man. But tell me truly, Mr. Formal, I beseech you, was this said in the presence-chamber or only in the anti-chamber.

Mr. FORMAL.

In the presence-chamber upon my honour; but that is the same thing.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

O pardon me, there is a great deal of difference; for in the anti-chamber the great men will often laugh and banter; but in the presence-chamber they dare not say any thing but what they really think and intend.

D

FORMAL.

Mr. FORMAL.

A very just distinction, my friend; and which I own, to my shame, I was not aware of—one would think that you had been born and bred in courts—I would tell you something still better, if I could absolutely depend upon your secrecy.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

You don't know me, Sir, if you doubt of my secrecy. No disease is more secret than I am.

FORMAL.

Why then under the seal of secrecy I will tell you, that the King himself spoke very handsomely of you the other day.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

The King himself!—

Mr. FORMAL.

Yes, the King himself.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Spoke of me!

Mr. FORMAL.

Yes, of you by name.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

And very handsomely!

Mr. FORMAL.

Yes, very advantageously.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Dear Mr. Formal, tell me what his Majesty was graciously pleased to say of me?

Mr. FORMAL.

These very words: That he believed he had not in his three kingdoms, a more faithful, loyal, nor useful subject, than honest Hemlock the apothecary.—His Majesty's very words, upon my honour.

Mr.

Mr. H E M L O C K. (*aside.*)

Useful subject; that implies that his Majesty intends to make use of me, I guess at what board. I wonder how his Majesty came to know that there was such a person in the world as I?

Mr. F O R M A L.

I took good care of that some time ago. Between you and I, (*speaking low*) I have more channels than one to the closet.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Dear Mr. Formal, how can I ever return the obligations I have to you? Mentioned by his Majesty! And as an useful subject too! Who would not sacrifice his life and fortune for the service of such a Prince?

Mr. F O R M A L.

By the way, Mr. Hemlock, the borough I told you of some time ago, will be your's, and at a very trifling expence, I have settled every thing. You will make a great figure in parliament.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

Without vanity, I may perhaps do as well there as some others. I can with truth protest to you, that for these last ten years I have applied myself wholly to politicks, even to the great detriment of my own private affairs. I have lost most of my business, and have been besides at a considerable expence for information and intelligence, and all this for the service of my gracious King, and dear country—but I don't mind that, for it is the duty of every good citizen and loyal subject.—I have now by me, plans for settling the ballance of power in Europe, for ever—For paying off the national debt without any additional tax upon the subject—For manning our wooden walls, the royal

navy—For employing the whole poor of this kingdom, and in short, for reforming every grievance and abuse in the nation.

FORMAL.

These will be services indeed. Did not I tell you, that you was formed for the good of your country? And was not I in the right to prefer you to myself for this seat in parliament? But now you have mentioned debts, I am ashamed that I have not paid you what I owe you.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

It is not using me like a friend, Mr. Formal, to mention such a trifle. Perhaps you may have occasion for some more, and I assure you, that all I have is heartily at your service.

FORMAL.

No, my dear friend, on the contrary, for though we are five quarters in arrear, and though my little estate does not pay very punctually, yet I shall bring you the two hundred pounds that I owe you next week, for I hate to be in debt.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

You may bring it me, if you please, but I will not take it, it may be of some use to you for the present, and I really don't want it. I have three hundred more within there at your service.

FORMAL.

Why then I'll tell you what we will do if you approve of it. This is the time for chusing the returning officers for your borough, and we must secure an honest and an impartial one, who will be for us right or wrong; the whole turns upon that, so I'll give the two hundred pounds I owe you, to my agent for the borough, who shall carry it

it down next week for your service, and I hope that will go near to do for the present.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

That's very right; but pray let us make sure work of it, and not starve the cause. Will there be no more wanting?

FORMAL.

That's according as things happen, perhaps, a trifle more, for a treat for the corporation, or a present for some leading man.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

I believe, I had better give you the three hundreds more, that your agent may be completely armed at all events. A guinea and a moment, are often decisive in an election.

FORMAL.

That's just as you please. It is the same thing, for whatever is not laid out, I will answer for it, shall be most faithfully returned you.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Well, I'll step up and fetch it; in a thing of this consequence, one cannot be too careful.

FORMAL.

It is of as much consequence to the publick, as to you, and if your merit and abilities were as well known to others, as they are to me, on my conscience you would be chosen at the publick expence; and your borough would pay your wages.

[Exit Hemlock.]

FORMAL. (*solus.*)

This is the best hand I can make of him, for I shall never get the girl and her fortune. The mother is a vulgar, high-spirited vixen, and hates me, because she suspects that I get money from her

her husband. The girl is passionately in love with the Captain, as every girl is with the first Captain she knows. Hemlock is too mad to be minded by either of them, and too tame to resist them. Therefore, I have nothing else for it, but to make the most of him at present, and raise my supplies for the current service of the year, upon parliament faith.

Enter HEMLOCK, *with a great bag of money.*

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Here, Sir, be pleased to count out the three hundred pounds, or more if you think it necessary.

FORMAL.

Three hundred will, I hope, be sufficient; but if it should not, my agent will draw upon me for more, and I will acquaint you.

[As Formal is going to open the bag, enter Mrs. Hemlock, and Lucy.]

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Just so; I thought as much, when I saw you sneaking down stairs, with the bag of money under your coat; I guessed who was below, I have long suspected this, but now I have a proof of it: A friend, quotha! Why he makes you his milch-cow.—I wonder you are not ashamed, to rob an honest family so? Are these your court tricks?

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Have a little patience, my dear, till you know the whole truth. I was going to pay Mr. Formal a hundred pounds, which he had lent me some time ago, in the friendliest way in the world.

Mr.

Mrs H E M L O C K.

Yes, to be sure, he is a likely man to lend you money, when to my certain knowledge, he owes to all the rest of the world, and more than he can ever pay. I dare say, this is not the first money by a great deal, that your friend there has filched from you.

F O R M A L.

Filch, Mrs. Hemlock! that's a strong word, indeed, but I will pass it over; because, I believe you do not know the full import of it.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

Don't tell me, of the import or the export of it, I know what I mean. You cheat my husband of his money, and want to cozen him of his daughter. But here she is, and she will give you your answer once for all;—speak to him, child.

Miss L U C Y.

Why then, Sir, since my mother commands me, I will advise you very sincerely, never more to think of the honour you intended me, for it never can, nor never shall be.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

But I say, it both can, and shall be. Odso, am I not thy father, did I not prepare and make thee up, and shall I not administer thee to whom I please?

Miss L U C Y.

Sir, I have already explained myself to you upon that subject, with all duty; I can add no more.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

Well, I think you have your answer now, and I suppose, you will think no more of my daughter?

F O R-

F O R M A L.

I cannot promise that, Madam; not think of so amiable a young lady, that is impossible!

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

I desire you to be gone, and to come here no more; you are an old filching fellow, I have much ado to keep my temper.

F O R M A L.

Such as it seems to me to be, I would advise you by all means to part with it.

[Exeunt Mrs. Hemlock, with the bag of money under her arm, and Miss Lucy.]

Mr. H E M L O C K.

You kept your temper admirably well, for I own my wife was a little provoking; she is a very good woman in the main, but rather too hasty; but you courtiers are always well bred.

F O R M A L.

It is a rule with me, never to dispute with angry women, for they have ten times more words than men have, and they have no reasoning at all.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

But what shall we do for the money? For I could as soon get it out of the claws of a tyger, as out of her's these two or three days.

F O R M A L.

That makes no difference. I will order my agent to advance, if there should be occasion, till you have quieted matters at home. So good-morrow to you.

Mr.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

By the way, Mr. Formal, I forgot to ask you, are things made up at court, between certain great men?

F O R M A L.

Perfectly, I can assure you. I saw them going down the great stairs to-day, arm in arm, talking as chearfully and as friendly together, as you and I could have done.

Mr. H E M L O C K

Then all's well!

[*Exit Formal.*]

S C E N E, *the Back Room.*

Mr. and Mrs. H E M L O C K, and
L U C Y.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

And do you really think that I shall ever consent to your disposing of yourself, and your fortune to a wild young rake, your Captain Sprightly? If you will have him, you shall wait these four years, till you are at the age of disobedience.

Miss L U C Y.

I will always wait your pleasure without murmuring, Sir.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

I'll have you to know, that the Captain has made it appear, that he has ten thousand pounds of his own, which he offers to settle, with Lucy's ten thousand pounds, upon her and the children, out of his power. He is no beggar, no sycophant;
E

phant; he does not borrow money of you, nor turn your head with nonsense, like your fawning, filching friend, Formal.

Enter SQUIRT.

SQUIRT.

Madam, Captain Sprightly is in the shop.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Well, shew him in.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Aye, by all means make much of your Captain. I will just step to the coffee-house; and be back again in half an hour, and dismiss him I'll warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

I met Mr. Hemlock just going out, and he did not look very graciously upon me; but I hope he comes back again, for I have that in my pocket which I believe will make me better with him?

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Yes, he said he would be back again in half an hour. Do you know, Mr. Sprightly, that I sent Formal away with a flea in his ear this morning? I found the wretch borrowing money of my husband, as I believe he has often done before, to make him a great man, forsooth; but I came in the nick of time and spoiled their sport.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

This rascal deserves to have his bones broke, for abusing an honest man's weakness. I see Mr. Hemlock every day at court, bowing his way through the guard-chamber, then more humbly saluting the gentlemen-pensioners, and at last sneaking into one of the anti-chambers, and walking hand in hand and whispering Formal, like King Phyz and King Ush, in the Rehearfal.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Aye, those are the fellow's court tricks.

SPRIGHTLY.

As to tricks, Madam, I believe that courts and cottages have nothing to reproach one another with upon that score. Human nature is the same every where, though in different dresses; in courts she is embroidered, in the church she is in black, in camps she is in red, and in cottages in russet; but the stuff is all the same.

Miss LUCY.

But I believe, they love with more constancy and tenderness in cottages, than in courts.

SPRIGHTLY.

Perhaps they might three thousand years ago in Arcadia, but that race of lovers has been long extinct.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Pray, what place was that Arcadia?

SPRIGHTLY.

A fine country in Greece, where they were all shepherds and shepherdesses, who tended their
flocks,

flocks, sung, piped, and made tender sentimental love all day long; but unfortunately they spun it so fine that it would not manufacture, and that fine country became quite a desert.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

In my mind, they were a parcel of great fools.

SPRIGHTLY.

To be sure, they had not the publick good so much at heart, as Mr. Hemlock has.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

I hate your sententious love, as the fine folks call it; I would fain know why people should not be fathers and mothers: I know, I formerly wanted to be a mother, and now I want to be a grandmother.

SPRIGHTLY.

Well, Madam, and if you will use your interest with this young lady, I promise you my best endeavours shall not be wanting.

Miss LUCY.

Dear mother, let us talk of something else. But here my father comes, and I am glad of it.

Enter Mr. HEMLOCK.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Your servant, Captain, have you heard any news?

SPRIGHTLY.

No, Sir, none but what you and every body else heard this morning, and glorious news it is. There is but one alloy to it, the loss of our brave General.

There

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Pray, Captain, don't you think that this crossing the Danube will have an effect upon the Russians? I believe they will march homewards.

SPRIGHTLY.

Very probably, but you know the political consequences of all these events, much better than I do.

[They cry the Gazette Extraordinary without, upon which Hemlock runs out as fast as he can.]

That is a chearful and welcome call to a Politician.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Yes, Captain, he is mad for every Gazette Extraordinary.

SPRIGHTLY.

At this rate his Majesty will ruin many of his subjects at two-pence a victory.

Re-enter Mr. HEMLOCK, *disorder'd.*

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

What's the matter? what has happened to you?

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Enough has happened, truly, for I have missed the Gazette; as I was running out of my door to secure one, the fellow was running as fast along the street, and run full against me, threw me down into the kennel, and went out of ear-shot before I could call him.

SPRIGHTLY.

But as you know the substance of the Gazette, the style of it seems to be of no great loss.

Mr.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

You'll pardon me, Sir; every word is of consequence to reflecting people; some people go deeper than the surface of things: we shall sit, at least, upon that very Gazette this whole week at our club. Why we sat six weeks upon the Gazette of the battle of Minden; Sir, we weigh even the slightest circumstance: we judge the ministers who contrive, and the generals who execute.

S P R I G H T L Y.

I should think that you might as well trust to them, who ought naturally to know their own business best.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

There, Captain, you are in the vulgar error; these things are every man's business; and every man of common sense knows religion and politicks, and is a complete judge of both.

[Sprightly pulls out his handkerchief, and drops a letter, Hemlock takes it up.]

I will see what's in this letter;—I dare say it is from some strumpet; and if it is so, Lucy shall see it;—it may have a good effect upon her;—I'll go out and read it. (*aside.*) I must go and give some necessary orders; I'll be here again in five minutes.

Miss L U C Y.

Surely this political phrenzy is most unaccountable. What can such people as my father propose by it? How can they think they know any thing of the matter? and do they not perceive that their ravings are not attended to.

S P R I G H T L Y.

SPRIGHTLY.

Would you think it possible, my dear Lucy, that there should be at least a million of these volunteer Politicians in the kingdom, not one jot less wild than your father?

Miss LUCY.

But what can they propose by it?

SPRIGHTLY.

Many causes conspire to produce this epidemical distemper; much leisure, which creates absurd schemes of all sorts; great dulness, whose refuge is facts; vanity to seem wiser than other people, with some grains to find faults; add to all this, a warm constitution with a cold genius, and you have the ingredients that compose the numberless volunteer statesmen, generals, and heads of sects, that swarm and burr throughout the kingdom.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

They are well set to work truly.

Enter Mr. HEMLOCK.

Mr. HEMLOCK. (*aside.*)

A natural son of Lord Double's.—A favourite too; he calls him dear Will—he says that he will get him a regiment and bring him into the next parliament—he approves of this match.—This is better than t'other, and may make me a greater man—I'll get off of Formal as well as I can.—My Lord Double has a respect for me already, and what will it be after this alliance.—It shall be so—I shall be in all the secrets then—I confess he is a very hopeful young man. (*To his wife.*) Well, my

my dear, won't you give the Captain a dish of tea? or would you rather have a glass of wine, Sir? I can give you a glass of what's neat from Portugal.

SPRIGHTLY.

I thank you, Sir; I never drink between meals, but sometimes a cup of tea?

Mr. HEMLOCK. (To his wife.)

Get some tea for the Captain, my dear.—We must have a great deal of conversation, Sir; you are the best informed young man that I have seen, and I believe you know still more than you own. Pray, Sir, if we have another war, don't you think that prince Ferdinand will attack and beat the French again?

SPRIGHTLY.

I believe he may attack them, Sir? but I defy him to beat them.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Not beat them! how so, Sir?

SPRIGHTLY.

Because they won't stand to be beat; they will run away from him too fast, they had the heels of him clearly, and running away seems to be the principal part of the French exercise.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Then we shall not be able to make any great slaughter of them.

SPRIGHTLY.

At least, not till they are quite out of breath.

Enter.

Enter Mrs. HEMLOCK, with the Tea.

Mrs. HEMLOCK. (aside.)

The letter has work'd finely, things are altered. Come, hang your politicks, let's talk of something else:—the Captain would rather talk of Lucy, and Lucy of the Captain; it must be a match, I say.

Enter CAVIL.

CAVIL.

I am sorry, Sir, to be the messenger of ill news, but I thought it proper that you should have the earliest notice of it.

Mr. HEMLOCK. (starting.)

What are the Russians beat?

CAVIL.

The ill-news is not of that nature, but your friend, Mr. Formal, was arrested this morning going from hence, in an action of three hundred pounds, and there are about twenty writs more out against him, to the amount of three thousand pounds, and he is not worth three shillings in the world; he is probably lodged in the Fleet for life.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Upon my life, I am very glad of it; God forgive me! your honest friend is now where he should be; you'll lend him no more money, I hope?

CAVIL.

He told the officer that arrested him, that you was this day to have paid him three hundred pounds, which you had owed him some time, but that you had failed him.

F

Mrs.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

That money I snatch'd out of the fire; a base rogue! I wish he would pay you what he owes you, I believe it's a good deal.

Mr. H E M L O C K. (*aside*).

I am well off of Formal, who I fear has deceived me all along;—I question whether I am so well at court as he made me think;—I begin to doubt whether the King spoke of me.—But, however, this affair of the Captain's makes me ample amends, and I will fix it before he goes out of the house, and then I am sure I shall be somebody.

C A V I L.

You have had a timely escape, Mr. Hemlock; and for you, Miss, I congratulate you.

Miss L U C Y.

As for that, Mr. Cavil, Formal never was, nor never should have been, any thing to me;—but I am sorry that he has abused my father so grossly, and am glad that he is detected in time: It might have been worse.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

In troth, I doubt it is bad enough already. (*To Hemlock.*) If you would own the truth, he has cheated you of a good deal of money, which, with all your politicks you could not discover.

Mr. H E M L O C K.

I confess he has cozened me of some money; but that is not the worst of it, for I begin to suspect that he has deceived me in some more material points. I do believe that he is a base man.

Mrs. H E M L O C K.

He is a great rogue, to be sure, and I always thought so: but then, what was somebody else, who believed that he would make his fortune for him,

him, and make him a knight, and the Lord knows what, at court.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Why, a great fool, I own it, that's what you would be at, I know.

SPRIGHTLY.

Since so formidable a rival as Mr. Formal is out of the way, permit me, Sir, to renew my application for your consent to make me the happiest man in the world with your daughter.

Mr. HEMILOCK.

You have it, Captain, and with all my heart; take the girl, she is a good girl, and I hope you will be happy together.

Miss LUCY.

Sir, I cannot be happy, when your consent to make me so is owing to your being deceived; therefore, I must tell you, that the Captain is not the man that I believe you take him for. Your sudden conversion in his favour, is perhaps, owing to your opinion of his connections and interest at court, that was only a contrivance to take you off from Formal; I was not of the plot, though I knew of it, but always resolved to discover it to you.

CAVIL.

So much truth and virtue deserves a reward, and if I am not much mistaken, the only reward that Miss Lucy desires, is your free and willing consent to the match. I own myself the author and contriver of this innocent fraud, I writ the letter, which the Captain let drop by design out

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of his pocket, and which you took up. I knew Formal's circumstances and business, and I knew no more likely way to undeceive you, than by deceiving you.

SPRIGHTLY.

Whoever considers the stake I played for, (*pointing to Lucy*) must excuse my making use of packed cards.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

What's all these niceties, excuses, and fiddle-faddles? In my mind all is very well as it is; my husband consents to the match, and so do I, with all my heart, and it shall be done as soon as possible. Now own, my dear, that you have been bubbled and made a great fool of, with all your politicks, and leave of all that stuff before it is too late.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

I own I have been shamefully deceived by a false friend, and have suffered in my fortune by neglecting my own business; and minding what I had nothing to do with. But my eyes are now opened; I renounce affairs of state; I will go no more to the club, and I will take in no more newspapers, but the Gazette extraordinary, as a well-wisher.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Keep but to those resolutions and we may soon do well enough still. That cursed club! I wonder they are not all broke.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, four of the

the club have failed this year; but then, you must consider, how busy and how bustling a year India affairs have made it! people, really have not had time to mind their business.

MISS LUCY.

As far as my fortune can mend your's, Sir, you may command it; and I dare say, the Captain will join with me, in that proof of duty.

SPRIGHTLY.

Most willingly in any thing.

MR. HEMLOCK.

I hope I shall have no occasion for it now, that I am resolved to mind my own business.

SPRIGHTLY.

That is the best way of serving one's king and one's country; every person may be useful in his own profession, and is probably useless if he goes out of it; for my part I will venture my life with zeal for his Majesty as a soldier, but I will neither advise nor censure his measures as a statesman, which I have not been bred to.

CAVIL. (*to Sprightly.*)

The two hundred pieces, seem to be mine in equity.

SPRIGHTLY.

You may depend upon them, but dear lawyer, don't ask me for more; for if you should, I am not in a humour to refuse any thing.

CAVIL.

That's as you please, Sir.

Mrs.

Mrs. HEMLOCK.

Come, come, all's well that ends well ! we will have a merry supper to night. You will sup with us, Mr. Cavil, and take our directions for the writings, that the young folks may be married as soon as possible, I love to have things fixed.

Mr. HEMLOCK.

I find myself happier than I have been these many years, now, that I have thrown off that useless burthen of politicks, which I have most ridiculously groaned under so long, and I wish my fellow-citizens would follow my example.

SPRIGHTLY. (*kisses Lucy's hand.*)

Give me, my dear Lucy, this earnest of my approaching happiness, and let it prove the pledge of mutual

Miss LUCY.

And of constant love.

F I N I S.

